000 names of things, so she took up the good work: "That's our roof; that thing sticking out is a cross rafter," and "That's our ladder." Presently we came to the corner of her square, stone house, the wall of which rose straight from the water-channel, and there we found her father and a couple of small boys. We crossed a tiny two-trunk bridge to talk to them at the door, and papa was evidently much pleased that we had taken notice
251 of the two small girls. Mother and an auntie[1] were sitting a little farther back under some fine mulberry trees splitting apricots, which they were going to spread presently on a big boulder or on the roof to dry. Everywhere we looked boulders and roofs were decorated with glorious golden-pink pools of drying apricots.

252 I slipped over to the women while David continued to chat
354 to the master of the house. With luck the dried apricots would
302 last them all through the winter, for this had been a good year. The apricot stones they were keeping carefully as they worked. Presently the children would crack them between stones and the kernels would be hoarded. Eaten with dried apricots they make a delicious almond-and-raisin dessert for feast days or offerings to guests, while a good proportion of them must be pounded by the women till the oil is squeezed out that will give their sole indoor light. If by good luck there is any oil to spare, it makes a prized unguent for the hair and most families contrive to have enough to sleek their plaits or fringes for
246 great occasions. This cheery family bade us a friendly good-bye as we moved on, and a little farther along the channel, which was now making a curved sweep round, we saw a man standing in a reaped field below us. This crop had been lucerne, he said; he gets two crops of it off one field each season. David told him how they get seven or eight crops in Persia, but consider the first crop bad for the animals (for some reason which we never discovered). He was much interested, and said they did not notice any difference in the wholesomeness of their first and second crop: Hunza animals are not encouraged to be
000 faddy. Presently we came to a fine, walled-in mulberry orchard on our left and climbed up into a sloping field where a slight crop of grass was growing between boulders. We sat down to

1 [of Kaniza, a Burusho child--Analyst]

526 "stotted" it far more skilfully than I. They say the women and girls play a lot of ball, and in autumn the women sweep a smooth place under a willow tree, choose teams, and play matches! They *are* a sporting, jolly crowd. It is no use at all merely to bounce the ball and hit it down again as I did; you must spin round on your own axis between each stroke if it is to count. I didn't find this at all easy to learn at my age, and my feeble attempts gave much amusement. They laugh so openly and heartily that there is no offence in their merriment at your expense; even so, they are sensitive lest you might feel hurt, and Naját hastened to console me: "But, you see, you can read and write, and none of us can do that." So they saved my face for me, if it needed saving.

● 302 I had also brought a small coloured comb and offered it to Bibi Gímo for the children's fringes. All the youngsters, boys and girls alike, have their heads shaven—which makes for cleanliness—with just a neat fringe showing all round under their little caps. Banu at once appropriated the comb and started on her front hair, to the amusement of the congregation—which by now included many neighbours. She is the dearest little devil, and not a bit more grubby than any English child would be who played barefoot in a garden which is mostly half wet.

000 Whichever way I turned on my walks everyone was full of friendliness and welcome, and boys and girls ran along with me telling me all about their animals and naming anything I wanted; but I was longing to have David's company again, and felt rather mean to have been stealing marches on him and making friends in advance. I determined, however, that even after he was well enough to come out for walks I should still go back sometimes to sit with my women friends by myself. It would take too long to tell you about the other families I met and the people I made friends with: there were literally dozens. I solemnly entered their names in my little book and tried to memorize them all and assign them as well as I could to the different houses, but for a long time they all looked rather alike to me and all their dresses are much the same so that it was easy to confuse those I saw less often. Happily this

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Chapter 20

HUNZA BABIES

EARLY one October morning I saw Naját going off to the mill with a little sheepskin bag on her shoulder. She looked even more radiant than usual as she stopped to talk. After the usual interchanges: "Have you heard our news? Bibi Gímo's baby boy has been born!" This was splendid. No. 1 already possessed four girls, one married, Shukuru almost marriageable and already growing her hair as a preliminary, and our two special friends, Shamúli and Bano, and two boys, Derwish and Man Ali Shah; a third son was the wanted thing. Mother and baby were doing well, and the household was overjoyed.

I took pains to ascertain how soon I might call to offer my congratulations—the eighth day was best. So I set Zaidu to bake biscuits with butter and treacle, which he was sure would be acceptable, and I borrowed Qudrat Ullah for half an hour to coach me in the correct phraseology. When the great day came I threaded my rough way down the lane and turned in at the hospitable door in the wall, through which I had several times entered their garden but never yet their house. Here I was greeted by the four youngest, all looking as pleased as if they had by themselves conjured the baby into being. They led me through the byre, past the cow, who also had a festive air on her bed of nice clean straw, and into the living-room. It was beautifully bright with sunshine pouring through the smokehole, and as neat and clean as a new pin. The chief sleeping bench had a red felt carpet on it and had been left empty for me. On the other dais, also gaily carpeted, Bibi Gímo sat in state beside the cradle. She was looking so fresh and young and tidy that I hardly knew her. Hitherto I had seen

per as to whether it would be in order to ask to see the baby, who was entirely hidden by a doubled homespun blanket flung over the ridge-pole of his cradle. "Quite the right thing." I made my request and approached the cradle. They turned back the cloth for me, and there was a very handsome baby (for seven days old) in beautifully clean kit, very carefully bolstered in, his eyes painted black all round, which gave his face a comical look of maturest wisdom. This black stuff is supposed to be "cooling" to the eyes, and is quite probably a disinfectant of some kind. I said what a fine baby he was, and how big for his age, and so forth, then wished them all the best of luck, repeated my congratulations, and turned to come away. But they called me back to receive two heaped dishes of grapes and apples. I protested as well as I could against robbing their store-room, especially at such a moment when hordes of hungry guests would come well-wishing—it is for similar occasions that the "emergency reserve" is set apart—but I protested in vain. Derwish and Man Ali Shah followed us up the hill bearing the fruit, and I could only resort to the contemptible expedient of small silver.

Anyone who knows life in the East will realize how incredible it seems that a woman should sit in state to receive visitors of both sexes while her menfolk look proudly on. No wonder the Hunza women have this happy fearlessness, this dignified gait, these courtly manners.

I was typing text next morning when I heard piping voices in the verandah outside my window: "Mother, Mother, Mother, *dear*, do come at once; we are threshing buckwheat on our floor." I went out to find seven of my smallest friends, boys and girls from the Middle Channel above, led by Nímo, dancing with excitement and impatience: "Do come and take photographs! Father and mother say you are *please* to come." I wasn't very keen to go, for we were expecting some Swedish missionaries to lunch. They were passing through on their way to Kashgar—another month's march—and they might arrive at any moment. Still . . . I had asked all our neighbours to send for me when anything was going on, and if I showed reluctance such summonses might stop. I scrambled up to the

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

HUNZA BABIES

846 A couple of months after Bibi Gímo's, Soni's baby son was born—the first grandson of No. 1A—and his arrival was the cause of great rejoicing. I had heard nothing of it till I commented one day to Aliko, whose handsome white beard had suddenly turned orange, on the fact that I had not lately seen Afrots. "She's been staying over with her mother's people in Haiderabad," he said, "but she's coming back to-day." When I next saw her she raced up to me breathless: "How do you do (in English), I've got a baby brother, I've got a baby brother, I've got a BABY BROTHER!" The opportunity of an eighth-day formal visit had passed, so I clambered over a boulder or two into their orchard-garden and called up the
[364] blank, unresponsive-looking wall of the house. Soni was busy in the store-room, and put her head out of the one tiny wooden window—the only "window" of a Hunza house is a square, shuttered, ventilation hole in the store-room—inviting me to join her on the roof. I climbed the primitive ladder with caution—a camera and other impedimenta always made me even less agile than need have been—and there she was spinning away and occasionally giving a rock to the cradle beside her. I utilized as many suitable phrases as I could remember without rehearsal, and was rewarded with a peep at a fine little fellow of a fortnight whom any mother might have been
846 proud to own. Soni was gaily dressed, and had dotted her face
● 302 all over with unsightly brown spots which I learned were
752 supposed to be "good for the complexion" after childbirth. The custom used, it seems, to be universal, but it must be dying out, for I saw only a few young mothers so decorated. Anywhere else one might suppose it a charm against the Evil Eye, but the Burusho of Hunza are so free from any taint of this baleful superstition—so hard-lived where it has once had root—that I think there must be some other explanation. We later found that among the Burushaski speakers of Yasin, all the younger women lived under a permanent coating of similar brown cosmetic, washed off only for feast days, in the belief that it protected their skin against the cold winds of their harsher climate.

000 Afrots, joining devoutly in the admiration of her baby

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

585 ashamed." We sent Sagi off with all the reassuring messages we could devise and a couple of bottles of our hoarded kerosene to help to light the feasting. The house lay near our own, down one steep lane and across some now open fields. We were met some yards outside the door and escorted in. The kind people had vacated one entire dais for us, which drove some of the younger folk on to the roof, and we could see bright eyes peeping in through the smoke-hole. The whole house was clean and swept and gay with rugs and carpets; the fire was bright, and over it capacious cooking-pots were
• [302] simmering. On the major dais, opposite us, four people only were in evidence: the khalifa, whose badge of office was a huge pair of spectacles; the bridegroom in a bright silk overdress, a new *choga*, and cap of spotless white homespun (his eyes were blackened and a row of tiny dots of black becomingly distributed on his cheek bones); the "best man" and an equivalent representative of the bride, probably a maternal uncle. Every available inch of other space was gradually filled with members of the two families who, as they arrived at the door, were ceremonially sprinkled on cap and left shoulder with flour. The bride's father was standing near the store-room door, the mother modestly just inside it. Probably but for our space-consuming presence—which filled us with some compunction —they would have been seated on the second dais.

After we had taken our places and had exchanged greetings and congratulations all round, the simple but impressive ceremony began. The khalifa, with his open manuscript, sat at the outer edge of the dais, the bridegroom squatting beside him on his left, while the two best men stood gravely facing them. A railing, hung with a silk curtain, screened the further section of the dais, where the bride was temporarily concealed, supported by her brothers and maternal uncles. The service was in Persian, with a strong admixture of Arabic, and was read—or repeated from memory—clearly and reverently in a pleasant sing-song recitative, which rose to a beautiful intoning when rehearsing the names of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate, the Forgiver of Sins.

When the religious exercise was over, the khalifa reverted

loan of it. In Kanízah's house (No. 3), though they are very, very poor, they are lucky enough to possess a woman's cloak of feather-wool. It looks extremely cosy and furry—though very old and greasy—with feathers sticking out all over it. When you can get enough down you spin the feathers in with the wool [136] before you weave it. You can only use the breast feathers of the wild duck for the purpose, and it must take a lot of wild duck, which are seasonal and rare, to yield enough for seven yards of feather cloth. This cloak of No. 3 is the only one we have seen. So we watch "the cloak" go out for walks—now on Zenába, the cheery old mother, who is one of the few really ugly women here but who always wears a happy grin that would redeem any face, now on Apicho, the eldest unmarried daughter who seems to be always on the point of getting wed but always just failing for some reason to pull it off.

We eventually discovered the reason for No. 3's extreme and obvious poverty. Poor Zenába had produced five girls, including a pair of twins, and only one boy, the second youngest child. Yaman (in full Ali Aman Shah) was one of our best boy friends, a bright, intelligent boy full of life and fun and knowledge, and good at all boys' games, but he was only ten or thereabouts, and not yet able to help his father in the heavier work of irrigating, wall building, ploughing, etc., and poor Ali Akbar looked worn and frail with six to provide for single-handed—not to mention the rare extravagance of the cat. Yaman manfully did all he could, and in addition when he could be spared from home trudged four mountain miles to Báltít to attend the school there with the Mir's grandsons and a few other ambitious boys. A great little fellow, with (as far as we could see) a hard enough life before him.

Yet No. 3 was one of the most cheerful and most hospitable houses round.

We supposed that Apicho's prospective bridegroom was as poor as she, and when the two families came to tot up the necessary wedding feasts they just couldn't face it. Certainly it had missed fire twice after we had heard that the date was fixed (you can in certain circumstances get from the Mir a special

licence to marry at irregular dates). Meantime no one seemed unduly cast down, and Apicho continued to grow her hair so as to be ready. Sometimes it stuck out all round her head in about a hundred tiny plaits, on other days she had a wonderful, if somewhat shaggy, mane of frizzy hair about 5 inches long. She was a dear. 511 585 302

The small boys and girls have the centre of their heads close shaven (a cleanly and sensible arrangement) with just a neat fringe left all round to show below their caps; married women wear, hanging down beside their faces, two plaits which are knotted up into two balls to be well out of the way. It is a most becoming style of hair-dressing. The plaits softly frame the face and the two balls dance merrily about. When a girl reaches thirteen or fourteen and marriage beings to loom ahead, she starts growing her hair in some variety of bob as a practical preparation for the state of matrimony. 302 ●

We went off to one of the deep open reservoirs hoping in the good light to get a photograph of the cattle being watered at the usual time. But, alas! the nice bright day must have modified their time-table, for not the ghost of a beast turned up. On the way we saw a pretty young woman whom we knew, doing some washing. She was squatting in the sun on a stone sofa beside a pool which was still covered with thick ice and dipping the clothes in through a hole she had broken for the purpose. She then laid the wet garment on the stone and whacked it with a thick wooden beater. Further on, Najat of No. 1 was washing some tattered pieces of felt, probably to pluck down for shoddy. She had flung them into shallow water and was vigorously trampling them while chunks of ice clattered round her ankles. A hardy folk the Hunzukuts. 296

As we came back we found a large group of women and children on the main road, and one of the wee girls had a "doll." This consisted simply of one piece of stick with some rags hung round it and two cross sticks for arms which were jointed on and neatly attached to a piece of string so that they waved about when you pulled. They made it "dance" for us with much amusement and laughter, but we could not detach the doll and its owner from the crowd to get a decent photograph. 524

Then they grind the *manotèki* (flour) for the wedding — for the *khamali* separately, for the *sherbat* separately, for the *qista* separately. He grinds two *talèchuqs* (= 336 lbs.) for the *khamali* and five *chuqs* (= 120 lbs.) for the *sherbat*, for the Bride's party and the tribal brethren of the Bridegroom. Then having made the (mullahs) look out an auspicious hour they put on the griddle. And they bring in the (female) relations and get them to bake the *khamali* for two days, and one day they make them bake the *qista*, and then they cook the meat. They slaughter four or five goats and they cook the *sherbat*.

Then they make the Bridegroom dress up and put on a cotton over-shirt and don a turban and carry a dagger. A man who has been once married helps him to dress up, and they make him take in his hand the ceremonial axe. Then he assembles his tribal brethren at the house and makes them drink wine and gives them bread, and they fetch the musicians and sing and amuse themselves (hold festival). Then they put white and blue spots round the Bridegroom's eyes.

When some time remains to sunset on the day ordained by the Tham they bring out all the bridegrooms to the public assembly. It is the custom from ancient times that they bring out the Dirāmiting bridegrooms first to the assembly before all the rest.

Both Bride and Groom have an ornament suspended at the cheek — the *gəre mojuk* "marriage tassel" — which consists of a tassel with a pearl or piece of coral strung above it and above that a piece of mother-of-pearl.

The Bride's adorning is mentioned again on p. 304 l. 11.

9 *γəriŋ* — the songs are in Shina.

10 *tikumots* — *niˑlˑs* must be the genitive of *niˑl* 'indigo'.

A note says that white, red and blue spots are put round the sockets of the eyes, the object being to make the man look ugly and so protect him from the Evil Eye.

gəromi — originally written *gəromo*. I am not clear what it means here.

11 *gəromi* — is here and on p. 302 l. 2 used as the plural of *gəromo*, 'bridegrooms'.

12 *ite gumtsulo* — cp. note to line 2. The Tham fixes a day on which all marriages must be celebrated, or two days if there are many.

13 *mərʌkˈaw* — this is in front of the Fort at Bāltit.

Kəramo Dərbeʃ in Diramitiŋ territory, v. Text No. XIV.

See my article in JRAS of July 1929, pp. 507—36.

Sahəla Boin ke Həlasa Boin names of two Boin's in whose names oaths were taken. 250.9. *itsər boyo se.ibam* they called them "*boyo*". 214.5. *sivə itsə u.iliki bam* people used to worship, or placate, them. 214.4. *boyo u.ilikimas*, (pl. *u.ilikinaso*), a boyo-worshipper, a heathen, (cp, *boi.indurgas*).

bokal y pl. seed-grain (of cereals). — *guke bokale gur bitsaŋ* this is wheat seed-grain.

bomo y pl. seed (of corn). (The *-mo* is only an expletive, conveying at most a sense of multiplicity and indefiniteness). — *da bomo da wiji yərər gur həri n'owsin* putting aside wheat and barley for seed and funeral rites. 332.11.

bonis a round lump of dough (2 or 3 inches or more in diameter for making cake of bread from). — *han bonisans tha hoiər daudo se.im* I (can) make "daudo" for 100 troops with one lump of dough. 176.28.

bono, -muts x plait of hair rolled up and knotted into a ball at the end.

The Hunza women wear their hair in two such plaits one at each side of the head. Formerly the men also wore their hair long and dressed it in *bono's* or twisted in spirals.

A N. y pl. form "*bonin*" was recorded. (Cp. Sh. *bono*).

bopfau "seed-scattering". — *bopfau stas* to perform the ceremony of initiating the seed-sowing in the Spring. V. Text No. XIII.

duxˈɔrʌs, duˈxɔrċ-.

1. To open (of flowers), H. *khɨlna*. 000 — *yosɨ bɨluko duqərċɔr taiyɔr-bim* this bud was on the point of opening, EOL.
2. To expand (of the heart), to become happy. IUB, H. *dɨl khuljɔna, dɨl xuš hoɔna*. — **-ʌs duxˈʌrʌs* to become happy. *ɨs duxˈʌri bim* his heart had become happy.
3. To split. — *duxɔrʌs dʌn* "splitting stone" i.e. shale (occurring in the Baltit Nullah).

(Identical with *dox ɔrʌs*, q.v.).

duxʌša -*mig* y festival day, day of rejoicing, H. *mela, xušika kɔi dɨn*.

doxau.ukuts x a sheep sacrificed on the third day after a person's death (the word appears to be only used in curses). — *doxau.ukutsɔr) šiċaɔn* they eat it for d. *doxau.ukutsɔr gumanˌ* (or *gum.ɔnum*) may you be used for d. (*or*, may you be for (?) the d.! (a curse).

(Cp. Sh. *dukhaɔni, duxaɔni* with similar sense and use).

doxɔqayʌs, doxɔqoċ- to be entangled, involved, H. *ulja jana*.

Impf. 3rd. sg. *y doxɔqɔċilom*.
Pret. 3rd. sg. *doxɔqoni*.
St.pc. *doxɔqom*.

(Identical with *doxɔqʌs* q.v.).

dul collyrium (black stuff painted on eyelids). A mineral found in the Hasanabad Nullah in Hunza. Used for small children to protect their eyes, and by amorous young men — *šauqiɔn junɔɔn*). — *dul *-ʌtʌs* to apply collyrium to s.o. *ultɔlik dostʌl dul no galoš no olsumʌn* waking up both (the children) and applying collyrium to them and dressing them 302 751 751

000
302

head, of men, women and children). Children have all the top of the head shaved, a fringe being left on the forehead and round the sides and back.

When married a woman grows her hair long and wears it in 2 plaits, one on each side of the face. The ends of the plaits are rolled into 2 balls at the level of the chest.

Men used to wear their hair long, but now have it "bobbed", or cut, in European fashion or shave the head.

000

The word is usually used without the pn.pf. Biddulph gives it with the prefix, and Leitner (p. 30) gives *muɣuyʌŋ* for a woman's hair, but otherwise says that the prefix, which was in universal use 20 years earlier, had by then been dropped. His book is dated 1889.

I have recorded it only twice with the prefix:
iɣuyʌŋ his hair. *muɣuyʌŋ šʌk ečobo* she is combing her hair.
but: *ɣoyʌŋ šʌk ełʌs* to comb the hair. *ɣuyʌŋ čəruk ełʌs* to cut (a man's) hair. *ɣuyʌŋ čərʌp ełʌs* to cut off (a woman's) hair (as punishment). *ɣuyʌŋ (qʌr) ełʌs* to shave the head. *ine thʌme ɣuyʌŋ ečʌm* he used to shave the Tham's hair. 376.3. *ɣosai.iko ɣoyʌŋ* (a woman's) long hair. *ɣuyʌŋ er eskərčʌm* I shall cut off my hair for him. 358.16. Cp. 292.17. (Cp. *-thoɣoyʌŋ).

H.

ha pl. *haːkičʌŋ, hʌkičʌŋ* y house, home; room; household.

1. *Forms.*

Gen. and Gen. Obl.: *haː.— haː ʌmʌn* the master of the house, host. 340.2.

188 b

000 return of the same day a year hence, i.e. reckon from today uŋ to this day next year.

(2. *pʃər* is only a special use of 1. *pʃər*).

pharətsin N., *pʃərətsin*, pl. *-tsiyo* x one of the four stones surrounding the fireplace in the middle of the floor.

(The ordinary word for these stones is *šutin*, pl. *šutiyo*, but in the sg. there is perhaps a differentiation of meaning, *pʃərətsin* denoting the stone on the side towards the store-room, and *šutin* that opposite it on the side towards the *berićo* MAN).

šwa guntsʌnvlo šutin pʃər'ətsinʌţe del thiš ćʌm on a lucky day they sprinkle oil on the *š* and on the *pʃ*.

● 302 *p'ərćʌm* Hz. & N. y 1. hair cut in fringe on forehead, 2. the hair worn loose and cut at the level of the neck or shoulders. — *pərć'ʌm muʃi·nzšo biʋ* her hair is bobbed (previous stage to growing it long and plaiting it).

(Cp. Kho. *pərćam*, — *parćam*, Sh. *pərćʌm* fringe). Prs.?

000 *pərda* pl. *pərdaŋ*, (*-mićiŋ?*) y curtain. Prs.

pərhe·zgaʋ abstemious. Prs.

1. *pəri*, obl. *-mʋ-*, pl. *-tiŋ* hf, *-mʋts* hm.

"*peri*" (a type of supernatural female approximating to "*fairy*").

pəri bai.i "he is a peri" may be said of a pretty boy.

The use of the pl. *pərimʋts* with reference to real women is said to be incorrect.

hin pəri.ənmu gaŋs for a "peri". 12.6.

je ins pərimʋţe ə·šiq ʌmʌnʌm I fell in love with that "peri". 16.18.

286 b

124 [788] "You understand," he said, "that the reason I do not have breakfast with you is due entirely to the fact that I must rise at 3:30 every morning to perform my religious duties . . . and 'tis then I have my morning meal."

"Thank you most sincerely for your explanation. It is most important to me so I may better understand the ways of your people and yourself."

Then the Mir went on, "I have received word that two yaks are being brought down from Passu and should arrive at Altit some time during the night and will be there tomorrow morning."

Then I said to the Mir, "Would it be all right if I walked to Altit and rode one of the yaks back here to your palace?"

"That's exactly what I had in mind for you," said the Mir.

"Well, seeing there are two yaks coming down, as you mentioned, and my friend Cec is confined to his quarters by the doctor, I'll take Jahangir along and he'll ride the other yak back."

"Fine, fine!" said the Mir.

124 115 644 Then the conversation continued and the Mir said, "I have another brother and I certainly hope you will have an opportunity to meet him. He is serving in the Pakistan army—as a captain. I expect him back within the next 3 or 4 days and you will enjoy meeting him, I know. He is a most likable and interesting man. I hope he gets here before you decide to leave."

"I'd be very happy to meet him and I, too, hope he arrives before we depart."

[302] "We call him Salat," he said. "That means moustache in our language. He has one of those handlebar moustaches and he's a big man—bigger than either Ayesh or I. His proper name is Capt. Jamshed Khan."

252 wild in various parts of the area. The oil rendered from
[272] these kernels is probably used only for lighting, because
[373] it is poisonous. Due to their heavy content of prussic
acid, a handful of them is considered deadly. In Ni-
[762] agara, if somebody wants to commit suicide, he jumps over Niagara Falls; in Hunza, they eat a batch of wild apricot kernels.

The kneading process is continued and the vessel is kept tilted so the oil runs down and forms a small pool. As the oil begins to form, the kneading becomes even more vigorous until every drop of oil possible is extracted. While the rendering of the oil may be hard on the knuckles, nothing could be simpler and the resulting product is probably the most healthful and finest fat product that human hands can produce.

[231] The pulp that remains after the oil[1] is extracted is
[302] fed to milk-giving goats, sheep or cows, and is often used as a concoction or shampoo in which the Hunzans wash their heads. The oil of course is used in cooking, baking, frying, for lighting—and even for the hair.

[461] The good woman who performed the oil extracting task for me did not seem to be the least bit overburdened or taxed from this sort of arduous work. It probably would have been a hard day's work for a Western woman.

I would like to stress at this point that the heating process was not a cooking process in any sense of the word. Just a slight warming was all that was needed.

251 The apricot oil is never rendered and stored in casks
252 or otherwise, like many other people do with their oils. They may make sufficient to last them a few days but not more. This is poured into an earthen vessel or a bottle, if available. When a further supply is required, the pits are cracked and they go through the entire process as outlined.

1 [i.e. - oil from apricot seeds - ANALYST]

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who climbs the lofty crags around Hunza to bring down the Marco Polo sheep or ovis poli is entitled to his bag. But after all, who am I to deal so generously with the life of another animal?

Then the Mir had for me two Hunzan hats of the type that the men wear and also two women's hats, the latter brightly colored and very neatly embroidered. He also gave me a bolt of elegantly embroidered red silk, displaying a young man and woman, a bird of paradise and what was more appropriate, a yak. Then last but not least, laying beside the other items was a white hairy mass, which for the moment I did not recognize. It was a yak's tail.

Then he said, "There is a pair of typical native Hunzan shoes being made especially for you and they will be sent to you as soon as available. I'd like to send the shoes to you later, because I am waiting for some new hides which some of my men will bring down from high up in the mountains when they've had a chance to bring down some of the ovis poli. I want you to have the best."

"I guess I can wait for the shoes," I jested. "The ones I am wearing, plus another pair that I have in my knapsack, will carry me back along the Hunza trail, I think, but I certainly will be happy to have a pair of Hunzan shoes as another momento of my visit to your most enchanting country."

Then suddenly a thought occurred to me and I said to the Mir, "I notice all of your men are clean-shaven . . . that is, except for the occasional one now and then who has a little beard around his chin. Therefore I know for certain that you must practice shaving in Hunza. Yet I have seen nowhere a sign of a razor. Further, I'm reasonably sure that this is one part of the world that King Gillette has not invaded with his

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

302 safety hair removing instruments. So please tell me what kind of an instrument the people of Hunza use to remove the hair from their face."

[326] "I'll be glad to show you!" . . . and with that, he displayed a homemade razor, one made by the smithy of the village. "Similar instruments are made by the smithys in the various other villages throughout Hun-

[795] za," he went on. "Our religion recommends that our faces be kept clean of hair."

"I will also have a razor made for you and sent along with the shoes."

123 "Thank you very much," I said to the Mir. "I am very grateful. I was really and truly hoping you'd say that, because that is another item that I would love to add to my collection."

I didn't know how to thank him for all these very lovely gifts, but I was somewhat concerned as to how I'd carry them all the way home. It was absolutely unthinkable to ship them individually or separately because I certainly wouldn't want any of them lost.

With the exception of the silver tea service, the other items were things that I had specifically wanted and had mentioned at one time or another. The Mir had keen ears and each and every item that I had mentioned was there as a gift for me.

To my friend, Cec Brunton, he also presented a Hunza hat and a cane of a little different type.

Not being a hunter it is understandable that I would not appreciate an ibex or a Marco Polo sheep head as a trophy, but most assuredly I would hang or display all of the items that the Mir was presenting to me most conspicuously in my home. And if perchance my wife wouldn't feel that some of them were sufficiently ornate or perhaps were unbecoming to her living room, then I would proudly hang them in my office. In fact, I felt

8:Clark N-5 (1948-1951) 1963
AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

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FABLED ELDERS of Hunza are products of rugged mountain life, scarcity, Moslem faith, and an autocratic tradition. If they exaggerate age, it is done to claim society's veneration.

8: Clark N-5 (1948-1951)1963
AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza
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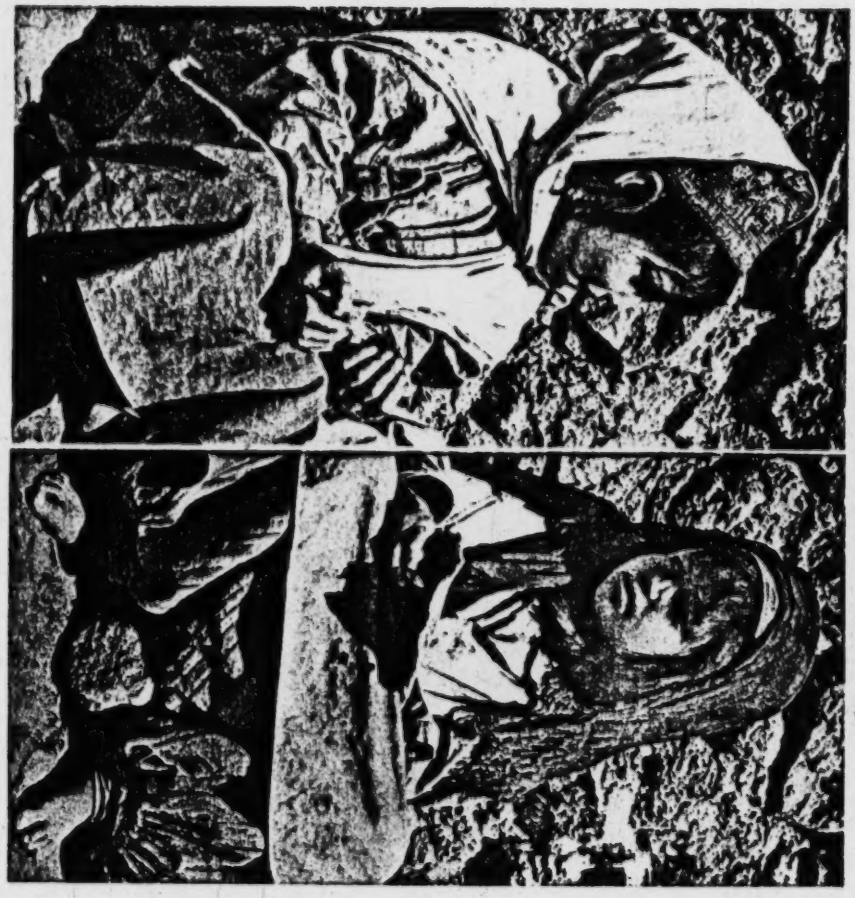
Segregation of the sexes is rigid from early youth. Hunza's Moslem girls, right, are destined to live almost totally disassociated from the lives of men. Here two eat chapattis.



8:Clark N-5 (1948-1951) 1963
AV7 Burusho AV7
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[562] [584] MIR'S DAUGHTER, the Princess Nilofar, is spokesman for Hunza's women, who, despite public segregation and their low status, never are forced to marry against their will.